



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

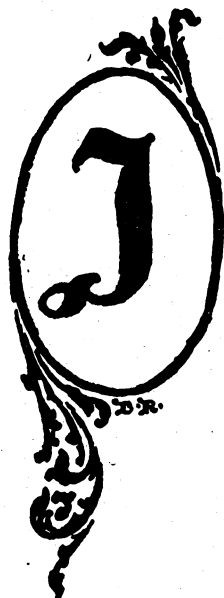
Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THOUGHTS ON PRINTING: PRACTICAL AND IMPRACTICAL



JUST as in painting or sculpture, printing, rightly used, is a medium for the expression of art feeling. The difference is only in kind and not in degree, but so far has printing fallen away from artists, that to speak of it as a decorative art in itself, free from illustration or designed ornament, is to use words that mean nothing to most people. Yet, what else is it? The compositor has before him a blank page. It is his canvas, and he is to fill it with a composition. Many men whose opinions we must respect, because of what they have accomplished in other branches of decorative art, tell us that the practice of printing has fallen so low that considered strictly as an art, it has almost ceased to exist. This may seem a strong statement to make in these days of great and rapid presses, big publishing houses, and the constant outpouring of tons of expensive printing, but these very elements of quantity, rapidity, and the financial success of poor things, are some of the causes of this downfall. Great machines are so absolutely necessary to produce these vast quantities of printed paper that the standard, even in the most costly books, has come to be one of machine finish. People seem to always look to that first, and the slightest mechanical imperfection so mars the page for them that they can not and will not consider it as a thing artistic. A page may be as weak or ugly as it pleases in composition, but it must not bear any mechanical imperfec-

*saynt marie egypten. And of many moo othes  
dere grete synners & howpels. Whiche alway sett  
re hope in god. and were saued. The thyrde temptat  
the deuyll maketh to them that deye. is by Impa-  
at is apenste charite. For by charite we ben holden  
god a loue alle thynges. Now is it thus that to  
it deye/ cometh ryght gret sorow & payne of hert &  
Be it that the deye come naturelly/ or that it  
ony other euill accident. For by payne & sorowe  
ker be that ben Impacient & grutchynge. and depen  
dye as they semen made or oute of theyr wyll  
euerly ofte. wherfor it is certayn that suche peple ben  
re loue & charite. & that they loue not god suffy saui-  
herfor it is necessary to eueri man þe wyll deye. that  
seines be it short or long. that he murmure ne grut-  
ut suffre it paciently for we suffre by good ryghte  
alles that comen to vs/ yet be not the passyons of  
to cōpigne ne worthy to the glorie to come. this is  
yng mocke. In iustice of the rulse passyon the mur-  
grudde. for lyke as the soule is possesse in pa-*

*A section of  
a page by  
Caxton*

tions! No fault should ever be excused, but in this case, which is the most important element, perfection of dot and hair-line, or the compositor's conception and execution of the page as a whole? There is great lack of interest in the appearance of printed books, and a general impression that a book can not be artistic until it is filled with ornaments or illustrations. Can there be any surer proof that printing as a decorative art has gone out, when so little of it is being done in the world that it is no longer considered an art in itself? This widespread apathy with regard to it is the severest comment that can be passed on the dull ugliness of the ordinary book, each page of which is just like every other, and all of them characterless and uninteresting. Nor are costly books and *editions de luxe* any better as regards the form and composition of the type used in their pale and lifeless pages. There is no doubt about this statement, that artistically the first books printed have never been surpassed. A step, then, towards reformation and education would be a general dissemination among those interested of reproductions of the finest examples of those old printers who were such masters of their art that to-day, in the midst of all our civilization and progress, the books they


printed remain the most beautiful ever made. Locked up in museums and private collections, they are so far off from the people that even many printers only know them by name. Our modern reproductive processes are too cheap and too good, and the need for such models is too great, for us to go much longer without them. Most people have no ideals at all with regard to printing; there is so little that is

A recently  
issued  
Caxton type

shall signify his acceptance in writing to the Secretary and shall pay to the Treasurer of the Club five dollars, which shall be the dues for the Club year in which he is elected. If a new member shall not qualify within one month after he has been notified of election, his name shall be dropped from the roll. Section IV. The annual dues of members shall be five dollars, payable in advance on the day of the first meeting of the Club year. Section V. Membership may be terminated as follows: First, by voluntary resignation of a member in good standing, when all dues are paid. Second, by resolution of Executive Committee in case a member has failed to pay his dues for two months after the same are payable and one week's notice by mail has been given by the Committee before such action; except in case of excusable absence of such a mem-

*THOUGHTS ON  
PRINTING*

good, and the little good there is, is almost lost under the great mass of the bad constantly being thrust before them. This steady contact with ugly printing unconsciously causes them to lose all interest in any kind of printing, and so blunts their sensitiveness that a really beautiful page has no effect on them beyond the fact that it is "odd or strange." And so it is, odd and strange, both—nowadays. The crude ugliness of our newspapers, falling on our eyes day after day, constantly vitiates our taste. They are, in themselves, enough to deaden popular appreciation of the beauty of form as expressed in types. There is no reason in the world why, with the improved facilities at our command, we should not do finer printing to-day than was ever done before, but the salvation of modern printing can come in only one way, through a reunion of printers and artists—decorative artists. If it is to be generally practiced again as an art, vital changes in the conditions by which the printer is now hemmed in must also come, but the outlook for any serious movement of this sort is so discouraging as to be almost hopeless. Ideals have changed. We are less simple. We are in a great deal more of a hurry. Men set type at top-speed in crowded rooms not only devoid of beauty, but hopelessly ugly. In the larger houses the workers in the different departments are too widely separated. The pressman and the compositor, who should be as two in one to accomplish fine results, often have to work along separately, guessing at each other's intentions. This is the system that gives us work mechanically perfect and artistically wretched. Typesetting inclines too much towards an unreasoning adherence to conventional forms. Many of them are neither natural nor beautiful, and the reason for them has long since disappeared, yet year in and year out, they hold printers and publishers in their grip. There are certain laws of line and form that apply to printing as to every other art that deals with them. When that law comes into conflict with one of these old typographical traditions, that tradition

must go.  Modern types have some characteristics which tend to make the pages of our books, no matter how skillfully set, less beautiful than those of the best period of printing. To pass rapidly over a most interesting subject, types for printed books at first naturally followed in form of letters those used by makers of manuscript books. In these written pages (and consequently in the earlier books) the line used in tracing letters with a pen was much blacker and thicker than the hair line of which most of our types are composed to-day. This gradual loss of strength of line, combined with the fact that artists are no longer called upon to design types for even our most important foundry, has also resulted in great loss of character and style. A great modern printer, Theodore L. De Vinne, admits that, "while painfully correct and precise in form, they possess all the weakness of an over wrought delicacy."

## THOUGHTS ON PRINTING

"In the old days each type-founder was desirous of getting designs from men of real artistic feeling; nor did these disdain to design a comma any more than they would scorn to make a beautiful leaf or flower in a picture." \* \* \*  
C. Kegan Paul

The following pages and the small page of Caxton on the second page of this article illustrate some attempts to return to solidity and strength of page. One important quality of the darker page is the way in which it harmonizes with and supports decorative design



In order to form a race of artist-printers again—there was a time when the printer drew all the ornamental borders and initials for the books he made—these two component parts must come together. But there must be no half way about it. Before they can even work intelligently together, the artist must learn enough of the practical side of printing to set type if necessary and the printer must study the laws of decorative art and realize that art printing is only a part of the greater art-life. Haste, that enemy of thought and loving care, must be abolished and the art-printer must sacrifice to art, just as starving artists do. He must be prepared to refuse orders to be finished in quick time, for instance, or to accept any unworthy of his most serious thought. Impossible, I know, it seems to us, as printing stands to-day, yet deeply true, for art here, as in everything else, will be a jealous mistress and frankly demand your whole life for herself alone.

J. M. BOWLES

his inmost nature and demanding an expression. Under these conditions he painted one of the saddest yet one of the most beautiful pictures that ever came from the genius of man, and thus the vital forces of Rousseau's great nature made an imprint on canvas that will live as long as man is sensitive to beauty and the human heart can feel.

An entirely different phase of Rousseau's art is shown in the "Early Summer Afternoon." It is nature, beautiful and supreme. A feeling of calmness steals over you as you gaze on it, and there is a sense of silence that you feel is only broken by the twittering of birds or the droning of insects. It is a joyous, cheerful picture, full of hope and promise. Here is painted the real velvety texture of trees in luxuriant foliage, a foliage full of rich, juicy sap and so luminous as it receives the warm summer sun bath that it seems to refract both color and heat. A shower has just passed; everything is bathed in a warm light. You scent the spicy verdure, you almost feel the deep cool shadows and hear the varied sounds that express the gladness of nature. All seem to join in one grand chorus that finds an echo in the colors with which nature is clothed. The upper sky is of a soft tender gray which merges into beautiful pure blue. The lower part is luminous with a light through which cumulous clouds drift. On the right is a grove of magnificent oaks; their broad, friendly branches, reaching out, are freighted with masses of green foliage. These oaks are studied with a truth that is refreshing in these days when a smudge of green and a splash of violet pass for trees. They are real living monarchs of the forest that have withstood the storms of centuries. To Rousseau's serious nature all life had a purpose,

a meaning. Nature was something to look up to and he was responsible for the report he gave of her. On a point of land extending out into the river a glimpse is caught of the red roof of a cottage imbedded in a dark mass of foliage. There is so much beauty in the mysterious, shadowy, uncertain way in which it is painted that it sets the imagination to work. You would like to know more of the place. From a landing near the cottage a man is seen in a boat, pushing out into the stream. The water which makes up the larger part of the picture extends into the foreground and is wonderfully painted. It lies like a mirror, reflecting trees, sky and all charmingly. This is one of Rousseau's best pictures, painted in a joyous mood, yet possessing all the serious qualities that distinguish his art. It is distinct, and very different from the "Winter Solitude," which was the result of a sublime inspiration, grand and terrible in its expression, while the "Summer Afternoon" is the direct opposite. It is calm, peaceful; filled with repose and contentment.

**J**EAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT  
One of the most beautiful characters among the revolutionists of 1830 was Corot, a man of marvelous gifts. Thoroughly saturated with a love for art, he abandoned the mercantile business, for which he was unfitted, and entered the studio of Victor Bertin, a painter of classic landscapes where in nature was carefully revised to suit the requirements of so-called true art. But endowed with a positive and original genius, with an intense love of nature and a sensitiveness



I



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET. Who can overestimate the value of the life and work of this serious master? Displaying a strong talent for painting, he received a small pension from the municipal council of Cherbourg which enabled him to go to Paris, where he entered the studio of Delacroix. These early years, like his whole career, were marked by a continuous struggle for existence. It was at this period that he became acquainted with those kindred spirits, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré and Barye. The latter was struggling to teach man the grandeur of the animal kingdom, and make him more sensitive to its value and beauty, while he, Millet, was destined to call out a higher appreciation of the men who delve in the fields. At first he conformed to the prevailing taste of the times and painted popular subjects, and with some success, but his heart yearned for deeper and better things. He turned toward the peasants, drawn by the earnestness of his nature, the memory of his kindred and their humble lives, and the deep impressions received from them since his earliest childhood. The burden of humanity seemed to lie heavily upon him. It was as if some unseen power had said, "These are

my children, go paint them;" teaching the world that underneath their coarse and unpolished exteriors there were living souls striving for something better. To the serious, religious nature of Millet the path of duty lay plainly before him, and without regard to circumstances or external conditions he walked therein. He was a poet whose heart beat in perfect unison with the life about him. He sang the songs of the peasants' joys and sorrows with such earnestness that the heart of humanity has been touched and quickened into a higher appreciation of their beauty and worth. In fact, Millet's art has entered largely into the civilization of our time, teaching in its silent way the brotherhood of man. The clouds of adversity which had hung over him for thirty years were just breaking when he fell, tired and weary with the struggle. He alone of all his companions was destined to go without reaping the rewards of his life's work. To him, honors, like flowers, were strewn upon his bier.

Millet was one of the most original painters of the century and unlike any of his predecessors. His soul was completely absorbed in his work, notwithstanding the poverty and want that constantly stalked beside him. With the exception of Frère and Breton, no one else has truly painted the peasant, before or since; save perhaps in those bits of home life painted early in the century by Chardin and Fortin. Hundreds have tried to paint them, but few have gone beyond the picturesque; the outer or objective side. Millet, being a peasant, painted the true conditions of the life which he humbly shared. Save in one or two instances, hope is always found associated with his peasants. They are ever concerned in and preparing for the morrow. Whether digging or gleaning they